EDITORIALS BY THE FAITY

Zola as the Relentless Preacher.

By Prof. Geo. Burman Foster.

THERE is an old story of a burglar who by clever gesticulation and loud screaming made the impression that the honest man who caught him was the thief and that he, the thief, was the honest man. This has been the fate of all the prophets who have desired to liberate the people from their immoralities. Whoever with brave heart uncovered the swamp from which pestilential breath arose was blamed as if he had made the swamp with its miasma which had done its deadly work so long only unobserved by men.

Zola, the most defamed author of the nineteenth century, was at last acknowledged to be the most powerful champion of humanity. Zola as prophet of a new social culture gathered a following from all the zones of the earth. In the gigantic work of a quarter of a century in his cycle of twenty novels he wrote the ramified history of a family. But the family history is a culture history, a moral history of the second empire on to the collapse on the battlefield of Sedan. And when we have this France of 1851 to 1871 we discern that the general process of evolution of the age is pictured and embodied in this section out of a nation's history.

Zola, the preacher of repentance, would write himself down as a poet of science. As poet his task consists in experimenting with life and then interpreting the results of this experimentation to men. Therefore his great cycle of novels gives an exposition of the basic law of biology, the law of heredity. The powerful family drama which is presented in this cycle was meant to show the formations and transformations which arise from the commingling of the blood of a hereditarily burdened mother with two entirely different men, with the industrious, sober gardener and the adventurous wilding, the drunken Macquart.

In this matter the new literary method which Zola applied was more important even than the unheard of poetic power which he manifested in the application of this power. Zola led the faith out of which the tragedy of the ancients was born back to its basis in nature, the incomprehensible fate, the iron necessity ruling over man in the presence of which the soul shudders. This is life's own law. To this life itself is bound. But with this life jointly creates itself also.

Whether the poet rightly conceived the experiment in this law at all points is a side issue compared with the main fact that he accorded to science the right to speak its decisive word in the supreme poetic apprehension of life. Zola should sharpen the conscience of all who are tempted to scorn the rigid schooling of positive science. He found the problem of his life and solved it in that school. This faith in science which he learned from August Compte showed that the enormities which he exposed were yet connected with modern life, with the thought of development according to natural law. He showed that this development included human life, the social life of man.

Zola was a social poet. He always studied man in his social situation and relationships, in his milieu. This is the science of man, to comprehend man as effect of given causes, not as a miracle dropped down from heaven, not as the work of his own fancy and caprice, but as one becoming and having become, as the focus in which definite rays of life converge. Modern science, the science of society, reveals life's law which binds the individual, the natural law of heredity and the social law of connection with environment and social relations. And Zola was the most relentless preacher of this law, which translated itself for him into the other law of social obligation and responsibility.

What is cause is in turn effect also, and the effect is itself cause. Vice does create misery. But misery creates vice also. Nay, does not misery create vice first before vice creates misery? The atmosphere of poverty and need is the air in which the contagious germs of barbarism and bestiality, of degeneration, thrive. And if these germs find a nutritive soil prepared for them then they create the perdition under whose weight the human soul succumbs. And the atmosphere of wealth, of surfeit and satiety, is the warm, sultry atmosphere which enervates man.

And it takes away the breath of him who lives long in this atmosphere, so that he no longer feels the world in a free large way, till at last everything revolves around one point: Gold! more gold! until we have men writing books to valuate the ideal education of the country in terms of its ability to coin gold. The ruin of poverty and the ruin of riches—these are the extremes between which the great tragedy of his cycle of novels played itself through to its finale, a preaching of repentance not on the part of the individual alone but of society that must prepare the way of the Lord for the new great social religion.

Shall we conquer dominion over heredity? Shall we be able to see to it that children are so well born the first time that they do not need to be born a second time? Shall we triumph over the pathetic shortness of human life so that longevity shall give us a greater chance to know and to live the life that is worth while?

Lent the Ally of Spiritual Life.

By Edward Scribner Ames.

OUR moods are intense and strenuous, again relaxed and indulgent. Lent is the strenuous time of the religious year. It marks the reaction from social gayety and from material pursuits.

But the spiritual side of life does not easily prevail over its rivals. It gains supremacy through struggle, through reflection upon the visions which come to the soul in its retirement. The great lesson of Christianity is that life is serious and that its deepest reality cannot be attained by any easy path. How constantly Jesus impressed the fact, "Except ye take up your cross and follow me, ye cannot be my disciples."

This struggle for the supremacy of the spiritual life is illustrated everywhere in the temptation of Jesus. The three forms of temptation set forth the same truth, that progress in the spiritual life means the increase and deepening of the struggle for mastery. The worldling misses the reality of life because he will not think of God. The comfortable, easy going church member misses the true salvation because he is satisfied with what he has attained.

The temptation of Christ typifies the spiritual striving for entrance into the true kingdom of God. Jesus was tempted to make bread of the stones. It was a suggestion to employ his noblest talents in the service of physical appetite and enjoyment. While the comfortable life beckoned from the lower plane and his hunger urged him to accept it, the better nature answered: "Man shall not live by bread alone."

It was a temptation as old as the race and still reënacted daily. Men are constantly anxious for food and raiment and houses and the delicate luxuries of life, sorely pressed to use every energy and talent in making money and gathering external goods. The season of Lent utters the claim of the soul and magnifies the higher and more satisfying things of life—the things which are infinite and eternal.

Jesus was to throw himself from the pinnacle of the temple in order to have the providence of God manifested in a special way toward him. The same temptation continues in the world today. The Christian inclines to say, "I am a member of the church and so stand in a special relation to God and his kingdom, and therefore I can take risks or even claim indulgences which are impossible for others." It is significant that Jesus, with all his consciousness of communion and sonship with God, never felt himself beyond the reach of temptation. This relationship itself had its dangers.

The more he emphasized it the more his disciples yearned to see him take advantage of it. Many times they urged him to set up his throne and kingdom even by force, trusting doubtless to his ability to summon to his aid legions of angels. But he worked on by the slow process of education to train a few followers to carry the leaven out through the world. That was his answer to the tempter who sought to overthrow him through self-sufficiency and pride.

Jesus was tested at a still more vulnerable point. It appealed to his dearest ambition. He sought to gain the world in order to save it. If he would but make some concession, some compromise, he should have it all. How typical is that temptation! Many a man seeking the good of society is met by the same demand. It would make him popular, extend his influence, and enable him eventually to serve his cause. The course which Jesus chose was the tragic, sorrowful, and tedious one of adherance to his convictions.

It is this steady faithfulness to duty, this willingness to suffer and die in loyalty to the profoundest things he knew, which makes the life of Christ the greatest moral influence in the world. Such nobility and grandeur of character is contagious. It has staid many minds from evil thoughts and many hands from blood. It has kindled into life many flickering hopes and has comforted aching hearts with the inexpressible peace of God. It broods over modern life with increasing power. Each season of Lent deepens this influence and wins for it new converts.

It is of great value that this period in the year has by custom become associated with spiritual interests. It allies the forces of precedent, of propriety, and of respectability with the great central problems of the soul. It aids in reducing the high pressure of one's business and work and pleasure. It rebukes selfish and material habits with lessons of self-denial and sacrifice. It insists on the recognition of a scale of values and a way of estimating life which is not commercial nor socially exclusive. It contributes to the attitude of contemplation in the home and in the hours of recreation. It gives prominence to the best uses of art and music and poetry, and demands from each its masterpieces. For the masterpieces in all the arts are the expressions of religious themes.

What Are You Going to Do About It?

By John A. Howland.

AS one hears the question often in the streets, it is in challenging tone, inviting some one else to do his worst. As the question appears here, however, it is challenging in its nature, but is asking the challenged one how he purposes doing his best under the circumstances.

"What am I going to do about it?" is one of the most important of all self-imposed questions, especially to the young man. Before he asks himself the question he is more or less in difficulty. Something has arisen that may border on the unexpected; it may have been wholly unexpected and disconcerting. "What am I going to do about it?" he asks of himself, first; within twenty-four hours he may be asking the advice of his friends.

To the young man that first of all judgments in the matter is forced upon himself in the question, "Should I do anything at all about it?" Is it worth while recognizing any neceessity for doing any thing? Would he not better let the whole matter rest? Would he not better forget all about it?

In a thousand seeming dilemmas of the kind the young man may save himself the second question by answering the first for himself. That untried young man, in his first touch with the world, is inclined to grievances which he accepts without personal knowledge of their proportion as compared with men and things. Often we hear a person who ought to be worldly wise taking offense at something some one has said or done. At the time of the occurrence he overlooked the "enormity" of the thing. Thinking it all over carefully, he feels that he has discovered the true inwardness of the whole thing. He has diagnosed the whole situation. That thing, and this thing, and the other thing, all put together, make everything concerning the circumstance plain as daylight!

Yet how many times, when some one has come to you with such an explanation, do you discover that in the aggrieved person's diagnosis of the thing he has given the person responsible for it an inferential credit for possessing a mind shrewd enough and reasoning enough for the offender to acquit himself in a business situation paying $10,000 a year salary?

Innuendo and sly, backhanded thrusts that reach home in the victim ordinarily are tools used by keen wits. The ordinary "dub," as he is styled, by the same slang token, "doesn't get away" with them. Yet how many of those offenders at large are grouped with the "dubs"? Some of the most prominent "dubs" I know are in correspondingly prominent places, both in business and in society. There is no class distinction among them. I like the word "dub," and if the word is applied deservedly and intelligently, anywhere in the social scale, it explains all to me. A "dub" is a "dub."

And just here it serves the purpose of the text of this article. Don't be a "dub" yourself—and sometimes it isn't easy to avoid the charge in the case of the young man who is asked, "What are you going to do about it?" Avoidance of the implication, even, is much easier if the whole matter goes no further than the young man's self-imposed question, "What am I going to do about it?"

A few years ago a doctor friend of mine met me in the street, put his hand in his overcoat pocket, and handed me a bunch of small cards on which I saw the imprint of type. I glanced at one of them and read: "Go to ——. I have troubles of my own!" He was not a man given to levity, and I asked why he had taken upon himself the distribution of such cards.

"I was sitting quietly awhile ago in a car," he explained, "and just as a man sitting next to me got up to leave he shoved something in my overcoat pocket. It was a big handful of these cards."

Often since that time I've wondered whether a free distribution of this printed card on occasion might not serve a great community good. That average person who would be a deserving recipient of such a card is the person who is in position to be asked that practical, short, and to the point, "What are you going to do about it?" So far, he isn't doing anything about it; he's merely talking about it! He ought to know that in all probability he is boring his hearer. If his listening companion is good natured and yet uninterested, he will do no more than try to discover what his companion is thinking of doing, and at once fall in with the speaker's idea. There is nothing helpful to be expected of the hearer.

To begin talking of a grievance, or hard luck, or other distressing condition suffered by the voluble victim of troubles is a bad thing in general. It is akin to the fate of the man who boasted of being in the Mexican war, and who year after year boasted so much harder of the story that finally he believed it himself.

A "grouch" will grow luxuriantly with no other nourishment than continued contemplation of the cause of it. In a period of years it may be impossible for a disinterested stranger to dig deep enough even to find the roots of the "grouch" itself. Hard luck, tangles, troubles, jealousies, worries—all of these grow by the same studied contemplation.

"What are you going to do about it?" Are you intending merely to talk them out? This is impossible unless you shall have a list of new ones continually ripening and coming on. In which case you may as well number yourself with the officially "dead ones."

Something needs to be done in cases of a thousand troubles. The victim most often is the one and only one to do it. What is he going to do? He can't shirk the question without becoming a candidate for the "dub" election. Some time ago a good friend came to me with his personal problem. I heard it in full. "Do this," I suggested, and he said, "I can't!" Then this," I offered as the next best remedy, to which he said, "O, but I don't want to do that!"

But he bored me for ten days, telling me of his troubles, which at the end of that time were most amicably and satisfactorily adjusted!

"What are you going to do about it?"

Is the Somber Pageant of the Dead to Be Supplanted by the Paris Innovation, the "Gray Funeral"?

By Rene Mansfield.

ALONG the streets of Paris, a little while ago, threading the throngs of vehicles and automobiles and winding along the "populous pavements," there passed a sight which startled even les vrais Parisiens, who are popularly supposed to have been brought up on novelty until it takes a miracle to assume the importance of the really unusual. But here was something that brought to club windows their blasé habitués and caused the arcades, like hives along the Rue de Rivoli, to belch forth their curious shoppers until the curb was lined with shrugging crowds of every class, necks craned to watch the passing cortége.

Now, a funeral procession, unless that of some noted person, indeed, creates no more of a sensation than would a line of the spick and span delivery wagons of the Bon Marché. The slow stepping black horses, the massive plumed hearse, the string of carriages with their black garbed, decorous mourners—these are familiar sights throughout most of the civilized world.

Why, then, did this particular cortége, moving along with the accustomed leisurely dignity, cause the murmur of suppressed curiosity and wonder that followed it like a wave along the crowded streets?

"Mon Dieu, it is that the rainbow has changed her tints, the leopard his spots, the Moor his skin! A funeral without mourning! A hearse without crape! It is that the millennium is here!" Exclamations such as these were heard along the whole route of this procession. And, to be sure, it was an unusual sight.

Instead of the sable horses with their heavy, tasseled nets, a pair of dapple grays drew the hearse, which was more simply constructed than the familiar, shining hearse with its elaborate carving, and it was painted a soft, dull gray! Four Ionic columns supported the top, and about the capitals extending a little above the covering, hung wreaths of carnations. The casket within was of gray, but was almost entirely covered with blossoms of every color. The driver, in a gray suit and hat of darker shade, seemed to be quite unaware of the sensation produced by the equipage. The curious eyes that peered into the carriages following the hearse discovered that several of the women were garbed in the soft, dull gray, and wore thick veils reaching to their shoulders. One of them wore a veil a little longer than the others—but not one of the immediate family nor the mourners seemed to wear black!

Along the Boulevard de la Madeleine moved the strange procession. People leisurely sipping their café or eau sucrée deserted the cafés to stand on the sidewalks and speculate as to the meaning of the innovation. An American tapped his head knowingly—"One of those crazy Frenchies left a crazy will, probably."

An Englishman standing next to him said solemnly: "More likely an advertising scheme of the undertaker. It's quite dreadful to think that business enterprise doesn't respect even the sacred traditions of death."

"Mais oui, oui," said a little Frenchman, with a prominent nose, excitedly. "C'est vrai! C'est une idée magnifique! Son affaire est faite!"

Into the Place de la Concorde moved the cortége, beneath the towering obelisk before which, in ancient "hundred gated Thebes" must have passed unnumbered funeral pageants. A little child, who had been idly watching the water of the fountain as the wind sprayed it on to the walk, raised her arms with delight as she gazed at the brigh hued flowers. She was still there, little homeless waif, when, about sundown, the same carriages returned. She followed them, running, for a little way, until she sank down exhausted.

As the carriages passed the Grand opera house, returning thus from the performance of the last, the final act, a lingering shaft of sunlight fell upon the golden lyre of Apollo, above the great dome, making it seem the only living thing in all the gray of the sky and twilight. A long haired, long uistered person, who had seen the gray hearse on its way to the cemetery, said to his companion: "It is a beautiful, an inspired idea! Gray—for the twilight when the curtain goes down—not the black of the night. After the sunset of life the gray peace of the afterglow, which is also the glow of the dawn."

And so there were scores of opinions voiced, and the gray funeral was discussed by the clergy, the laity, the laborer, and the aristocrat. It was discovered that the idea originated with Lematthieu Frères, who have perhaps the most expensive and complete undertaking establishment in Paris.

"There has been no innovation in our line of business for years and years," argued Lematthieu. "Eh bien, why not have one? Voilà, 'tis done! Les funerailles grises! Mais c'est une idée marveilleuse!"

Now, the Messieurs Lematthieu figured on some difficulty in introducing this radical departure from the customs and traditions hallowed by years of usage. But no less a person that Countess T—— was the first one to approve of it highly, and desire to have the idea carried out upon the death of her husband.

Lematthieu Frères were particularly glad to have the countess the first to sanction openly this innovation, because she was a woman of great culture and refinement, and her position would lend a dignity to what might otherwise prove only sensational. It was said that the countess had long agitated the question of funeral reform, and the funeral of her husband presented many unusual features. Those who were there said the room where the casket lay was flooded with sunshine, that one could hear the singing of the canaries in the conservatory just off, that the services consisted simply in a friend's singing one beautiful song, and each of the few intimate friends present telling of some good thing the deceased had done in his life. The children, who would doubtless have been terrorized by the black tragedy of the ordinary funeral, clung quietly to their mother, whose haggard face was softened by the gray of her simple gown.

Whether this more rational way of rendering the last rites will soon gain a foothold and supersede the customs which have survived from greatest antiquity, is a question. That funeral solemnities and sepulchral honors will ever assume a place of less importance in human life is greatly to be doubted. There are few customs that have prevailed among mankind, and those which have passed unaltered from age to age would seem to have their root in the fixed principles of human nature. The united voice of successive generations has seemed to proclaim the fitness and expediency of this respect for the dead. It has been the growth of no particular country, but has been manifested in various ways by all the tribes of the earth.

It doubtless had its genesis in the universal desire for the posthumous regard and affection of our friends. We long to hold a place always in the remembrance of those we are leaving, and the thought that we may be totally forgotten with no record of our place of burial is, perhaps, quite intolerable to most of us. It is true the world over that to buy a coffin or a tombstone the poorest man will make unlimited sacrifice—the greatest profligate will curb his indulgence. In China, the son will sell himself into slavery to purchase a rich coffin for his father.

These natural cravings for regard after death are assured of gratification because it is a source of comfort to the surviving friends to lavish honors and eulogy on the departed. With this is mingled a certain compassion for those who have passed the borderland into the unknown. There is also, even at the present time, in many countries, a superstitious awe of the dead, resulting from the belief that disembodied spirits are still sensible of what passes on earth.

And there are certain decided moral advantages to be derived from this public eulogy of the dead. In the case of great public men, this dwelling upon their private and public virtues is a nobler lesson, a greater incentive to emulation, than all the abstract teaching in the world. "The tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same effect as imitation of his virtues." Then, too, this veneration for the tombs of our forefathers strengthens the bond uniting us with our native land. Even the savage tribes wandering the wastes of Tartary own the sacred ties of the spot hallowed by the monuments of their ancestors.

It is a well known fact, also, that the mind is in a state the best fitted for moral improvement after being chastened and subdued by the religious awe that death always inspires. The community of thought and sympathy which our bereavement excites opens up the fount of our appreciation and sympathy. So it would seem that these funeral obsequies are of real benefit to society, at the same time that they carry out the inherent craving of mankind and mitigate the suffering of the survivors. Montaigne has said: "It was a holy saying of a saint—the care of funerals, the place of sepulture, and the pomp of obsequies are rather consolations to the living than any benefit to the dead."

Of course, extravagances and superstitions born of this universal custom have developed and multiplied, until there are doubtless as many variations in the form of funeral honors and the habiliments of mourning as there are nations, or even classes. Balzac, in his "Country Doctor," gives an interesting example of the great disparity of these customs among the peasants residing within a short distance of one another, those among the hills and mountain peaks, who "have a larger way of regarding things," clinging to the customs that bear the impress of older times, and recall vaguely scenes in the bible; while "the bent of the lowland is always toward the material interests of existence." The former meet death with great lamentation, and much pomp and ceremony; the latter, with a stoical lack of demonstration, a death being allowed to cause little interruption to the course of family life.

Some of the customs of the present day doubtless are survivals from those of earliest antiquity. The custom of hanging crêpe on the door, which we observe today, may have originated with the ancient Greeks, who hung the hair of the deceased upon the door. They also placed before the dwelling a vessel of water, believing that those who touched the corpse were unclean, and they placed a piece of money in the mouth of the departed, which should be Charon's fare for wafting the soul across the Infernal river. Sometimes a piece of cake was used, which might appease the fury of the gatekeeper, Cerberus. The mourners always tore or cut off, and sometimes shaved their own hair.

The Roman funeral was a most elaborate entertainment, musicians, trumpeters, pipers, players, and buffoons, besides many women to lament long and loudly, were hired to follow the corpse, which was carried on a couch covered with rich cloth. One of the players, called Archiminus, was usually required to assume the character of the deceased, imitating his words and actions.

In old England a funeral entertainment is said to have cost more than to portion off a daughter. Large numbers of guests were invited, who were met at the door by a female attendant in black gown and white apron, and given a certain kind of spiced liquor and a bun, or piece of currant bread. The guests were all expected to present a shilling to the nearest relative of the deceased, who sat at the head of the coffin for this purpose. Oftentimes the will of the deceased provided that gloves, or scarfs, or funeral rings—of black enamel and gold, bearing the name, age, and date of death—should be given to relatives and friends.

In Hereford it was an old custom to hire poor people to take upon themselves the sins of the deceased. It was an easy matter to find those who would assume all the sins in the curriculum for the sake of the loaf of bread and jug of beer, which, handed to them over the body of the corpse, implied that they took all the sins of the departed and thus freed them from walking after death.

There was a certain utility in some of these beliefs, that, for instance, general in Scotland, which supposed that it disturbed the ghost of the dead and was fatal to the living if a tear fell upon the shroud or winding sheet, or if a cat leaped over the corpse. This was effective in preventing demonstrations of frantic grief and guarded against the danger of the cat preying upon the corpse.

The savage tribes dispose of their dead in various unique ways. Although the Ethioplans bury their dead in the usual manner, they put them always in glass coffins.

The Congoese bury the deceased with great pomp, but only after the body has been perfectly dried by burning a fire for many hours at just the distance which insures the body from being consumed by the flames.

The Hottentot places the corpse in an upright position in a small cave, sealing up the entrance closely with stones.

The Scythians put their dead into bags of skin, carefully sewn up, and then suspend them from the branches of the trees. The Samoides also hang in the trees deceased infants who are not yet a year old, and drown, or make away in some manner with the infirm, the superannuated, or any who are a burden.

Along the Persian gulf the fish eaters cast the corpse into the sea, repaying thus their obligations to it.

Now, although funeral obsequies and the disposal of the dead are subject to such wide variations, black as the recognized color of funeral accouterments and mourning has almost universally prevailed. Plutarch says: "Mourning garments for the most part be altogether of blacke coloure, and thei use to weare theim a whole yere continually, onlesse it bee because of a generall triumph or rejoysying, or newe magistrate chosying or els when thei bee toward marriage." European countries have seemed to recognize the fitness of black—a privation of all color—to represent death—the privation of life. St. Cyprian is said to have inveighed against the use of black, which indicated sorrow for an event which to the Christians should be a matter of joy, but to little avail.

The use of purple or violet colors for mourning, which is confined to royalty, is said to be derived from the customs of ancient Rome, when the imperial robes of the "City on the Seven Hills," were of Tyrian dye, or purple. Royalty has always been allowed greater latitude in the choice of mourning, and in the earlier times the French queens often wore white garments after the king's decease. In Germany, however, black always prevailed, the empresses dowager never leaving off their mourning, even their apartments being hung with black until their own death.

Among the Syrians and Cappadocians the blue of heaven is the color of mourning; and The Egyptians have adopted yellow, signifying that as the herbs, when they fade and wither, become yellow, so death, which is the end of human hope, may be represented by yellow.

The periods of time during which mourning is worn vary greatly. To those civilized groups, who, perhaps, as Pope says, "Grieve for an hour and mourn for a year," it may seem of strange import that the American Indians regulate their period of mourning exactly according to the age of the deceased—that is, they mourn but a month for a person of 60, four months for a person of 40, eight months for a youth of 20, ten months for a child of 10, and eleven months for a child of 5.

In view of this widespread acceptance of black as the insignia of mourning the Messieurs Lematthieu, who have introduced the gray funeral, may have some difficulty in overcoming prejudice and conservatism. But what a wise, sane innovation it would be! Instead of the grim hideousness of the funeral as it is, with the drawn shades, shutting out God's light—the black casket making the face within more unlike than ever the face we loved—the black garbed relatives, so pallid by all the somber trappings that no ray of hope or comfort reaches them—if, instead of this, the raiments of death might be made quietly beautiful; the sunlight allowed to find its way into the "valley of shadow," and the clothing of the mourners radiate peace and hope, rather than despair and doubt; then, indeed, it would seem that the funerals of the Christians did not so openly deny their creed.

DROLL INCIDENTS OF POLITICAL CAMPAIGNS IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THEY'RE a pretty wily lot, the British politicians, but wives of candidates often do splendid services for their husbands in their campaigns. In the case of one large working class constituency the wife of one of the candidates attended all the meetings addressed by her better half and sat on the platform knitting during the proceedings. She contrived to make the audience aware of the fact that it was by no means fancy work wherein she was engaged, but that she was busy on a half knit sock of old fashioned blue yarn, intended, of course, for her husband.

The homely electors were greatly edified and pleased, and the husband's candidacy was a successful one, he being returned to parliament by a handsome majority. It may be added, however, that he never wore the blue socks!

While votes may be thus easily gained, they are also easily lost by trifles. The story is told how, during a general election wherein Gladstone led the Liberal forces, a grocer in a London constituency placed in his shop window this announcement:

"Gladstone says, 'Jam is the best substitute for butter.' Give our home made jam a trial."

Before the election in that constituency was over an angry woman, who had bought a pot of the jam in question, entered the grocer's shop, exclaiming, indignantly: "I'll never trust Mr. Gladstone again as long as I live!" The grocer was bewildered and perplexed. "Why not?" he asked.

"Because jam isn't the best substitute for butter," cried the woman. "I've tried it, and it won't fry my fish! My husband shall never vote Liberal again!"

Getting voters to the polling booths in Great Britain frequently is attended with most amusing and exciting incidents. At one election for an urban constituency the contest was so close that every voter who had any life in him at all was brought to the voting place. Invalids were brought in bath chairs, and in one instance the voter dragged into the limelight was so feeble that he was actually carried in his bed to the polling booth!

A funny thing occurred at a parliamentary election in Cork some years ago. The contest waxed hot between rival Nationalist candidates. The wives of four voters whose political views differed from their husbands rose early on the polling day and carried off every article of male attire in their homes. The strategy of the women was not, however, successful, for the four voters turned up in most extraordinary female getup.

The ingenuity of the British politician in enlisting the aid of women to influence voters is by no means a modern expedient. Charles James Fox availed himself of the services of some of the prettiest women in England with the most gratifying results.

We all know the story of the beautiful duchess of Devonshire, one of Fox's most zealous lieutenants, whose smiles and kisses won so many votes for him, and how she converted a "stubborn and impracticable butcher" by the bribe of a salute from her pretty lips. "During the canvass," says Horace Walpole, "the duchess made no scruple of visiting the humblest of the electors, dazzling and enchanting them by the fascination of her manner, the power of her beauty, and the influence of her high rank; and sometimes carrying off to the hustings the meanest mechanic in her own carriage."

Cowper, the poet, gives an excellent picture of the electioneering methods of his day, describing how, while he was sitting quietly one day after dinner in the company of two women, his house was invaded by Mr. Grenville, one of the parliamentary candidates, and a number of his supporters. Mr. Grenville shook the poet's hand "with a degree of cordiality that was extremely seducing."

In vain did the poet declare that he had neither vote nor influence; the information had no effect upon the exuberant friendliness and geniality of the young candidate. When at last the conference ended, "Mr. Grenville squeezed me by the hand again, kissed the ladies, and withdrew. He likewise kissed the maid in the kitchen, and seemed, upon the whole, a most loving, kissing, kind hearted gentleman."